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AUG 22 1953



YOUNG WINGS

THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD

The Book Club for Young Readers

In the United States and Canada

SEPTEMBER 1953

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Y O U N G W I N G S

From The Junior Literary Guild

Helen Ferris, Editor-in-Chief

Ruth Clement Hoyer, Editor of *Young Wings*

Off along Wide, Smooth Roads!

IT IS Saturday—a bright, sunny day. No school, of course, and Dad is at home—no trip to his business today.

"Who wants to go for a drive?" asks Dad at breakfast.

"I do," you answer.

"So do I," says Mother. "And let's take our lunch and picnic in the woods faraway."

So off you go—your dog Snubs with you. Ahead of you stretches the highway, wide and smooth, uphill and downhill, curving now this way and now that. Other cars

using the roads, and the riders demanded smooth highways. And so the roads were built. But who built them? Norman Bate has the answer to that question, five and



The tamper packs down the earth

are on the road, too—cars like yours or big trucks of all kinds.

Years ago when your grandfather and grandmother were children, the roads they traveled on were narrow and bumpy. Then more and more automobiles were



The powershovel has a strong arm

six year olds, in your book, *Who Built the Highway?*

Norman Bate, who made the fine pictures for his own story, is a new Junior Literary Guild friend. You will meet him on pages eight and nine.

Who Built the Highway? by Norman Bate is the new Junior Literary Guild selection for 5 and 6 year old Members. It is published in the regular trade edition by Charles Scribner's Sons at \$2.50. Dewey Classification: 625.7. Subject heading: Highways.

A New Moon That Led to New Paths

A MONTH in Maine—think of it! Yes, Stella was invited to spend August with her uncle and aunt and cousin in their summer home at Crag Harbor. Aunt Lucia was Mother's older sister, but their families had not met before. Vicki, the cousin, was just Stella's age. And there would be tennis and sailing, and swimming and dancing.

Stella was not eager to go. She loved her farm home in Georgia and her chickens, and the summer vacation fun she always had with her brothers and sisters. Shy and retiring, Stella would have preferred staying home. But Mother insisted that she was to go.

In *Look to the New Moon*, by Frances Fullerton Neilson, you older girls will fly with Stella from Georgia to Maine. You will share with Stella the good times and the bad as the two cousins get acquainted. Vicki and her friends are amazed to learn that Stella cannot play tennis or sail a boat. They laugh at her Georgia accent. Vicki criticizes her clothes and tries to make her over into another Vicki. But Stella is not easily changed, her cousin finds.

And there is one person who does not want Stella to change. In the Van Dusen home Stella meets John Howland, Uncle Reginald's much younger stepbrother and so Vicki's uncle. He has no use for the frivolous younger set and cares nothing for girls. He is com-

pletely absorbed in his laboratory work. Completely? Well, not quite, evidently, or he would never have taken Stella off on the picnic at the water's edge which was the start of new interests for the girl as well as for the man. Yes, girls, watch out for romance along with exciting adventures and a new future for the shy girl from the South.

Frances Fullerton Neilson is a new Junior Guild author. On page twelve she tells you of her love for making up stories. She started young, and she's still at it! She has plenty of story material at home.

Look to the New Moon by Frances Fullerton Neilson is the new Junior Guild selection for older girls. It is published in the regular trade edition by Abelard Press, Inc., at \$2.50. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction).

*The same moon shines
in Maine and Georgia*



Life Begins Again for Boy and Horse

THE skies were dark the night the Black revolted. The fury of the wind stirred the savagery of the once-wild stallion. Only one paddock separated him from



another stallion, the burly Satan. Tonight the Black would challenge Satan to battle. Crashing boards in his own fence, the Black escaped and finally found a hillock from which he could leap over the other fence right into Satan's paddock. Then the fight started. Satan was losing and probably would have been killed. But the disturbance outside had roused Henry and Alec, and they arrived in time to stop the fight and save Satan from his attacker.

The Black finally quieted down and allowed Alec to take him into his stable stall. Alec knew, though, that the danger was not over. The Black, desert-bred, needed freedom and space. And so he decided to fly with the Black to a friend's ranch and let the horse run wild for a time. Little did he dream that the plane which carried them westward would crash in moun-

tain wilds. What happened then is the story which you older boys will be reading in *The Black Stallion Revolts*, by Walter Farley. Alec fell through an open door before the plane reached the ground in an emergency landing. When he regained consciousness, he had lost all memory of his past. And the Black? Read for yourself this stirring story and see whether the horse forgets his master.



Of course you know Walter Farley, for he has written many of your favorite books. See the list on the back cover, where the Junior Guild books illustrated by Harold Eldridge are also given. On page fourteen is a tribute to Walter Farley written by Louise Bonino of Random House.

The Black Stallion Revolts by Walter Farley is the new Junior Guild selection for older boys. It is published in the regular trade edition by Random House, Inc., at \$2.00. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction). Subject heading: Horses—Fiction.

A Happy Meeting for Ottiga

SUDDENLY one day Ottiga, the cub otter, became an orphan. Until then, his days had been happy and carefree. Oh, there had been dangers, of course, from owls and other wild creatures. But always the otter parents had been around to warn the cubs of dangers and to protect them. It was all part of the education which the parents gave the cubs. The young otters learned to swim in the water and under it, to dive, to find crawfish and frogs for food, to hunt and fish by night. They swam the streams and roamed the woods and played tag with the father otter.

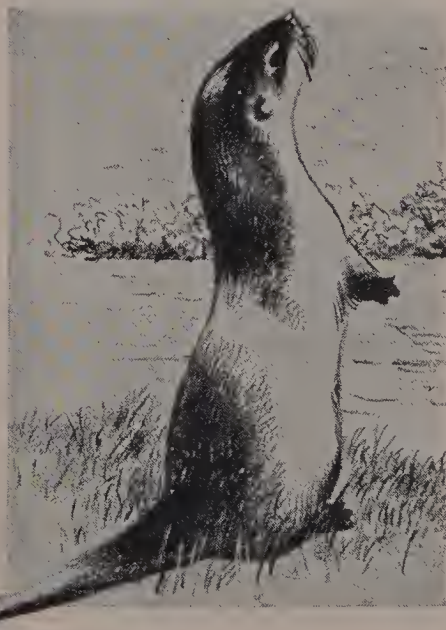
Then came the day when the parents and the three sister cubs were caught, one after the other, in traps. Now Ottiga was alone.

What happened to the brave young otter is the story of your new book, nine, ten, and eleven year olds: *An Otter's Story* by Emil E. Liers. It is a thrilling story. For two years Ottiga traveled the streams and the lakes, always lonely, always missing his family. And then when he was three years old, a full-grown otter, he met a beautiful young female. No longer was Ottiga alone. In the spring he and Beauty were teaching their four cubs the same lessons they had learned.



Emil E. Liers is a new Junior Literary Guild author. He tells you about himself on page thirteen. The artist for the story is an old friend, Tony Palazzo. A list of the Junior Guild books which Mr. Palazzo has illustrated is given on the back cover.

An Otter's Story by Emil E. Liers is the new Junior Literary Guild selection for 9, 10, and 11 year old Members. It is published in the regular trade edition by The Viking Press, Inc., at \$2.50. Dewey Classification: 591.5. Subject heading: Otters—Habits and behavior.



Make Room for One More

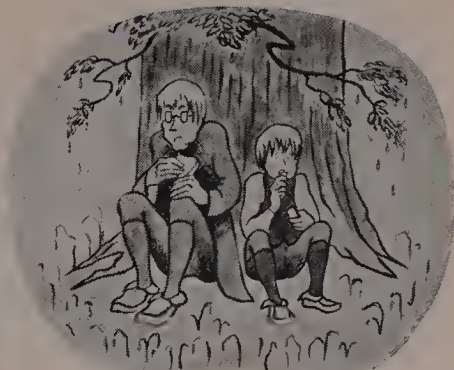
A LONG dangerous journey lay ahead of Jeremiah and Uncle Josiah—all the way from Philadelphia to Natchez, Mississippi. They started out bravely with their horse Pilgrim. All their worldly possessions were on Pil-



grim's back. They were not happy at leaving Philadelphia, but it was the only thing to do. Uncle Josiah must live in a warmer climate.

They had barely started when another traveler joined them. A sailor handed them a parrot and asked them to take Tippet to the sailor's brother Jonathan in a place called Nashville.

On they went—out of the town and into the forest. The road toward Baltimore was narrow and rough, but it was not a lonely road. There were people on foot and on horseback, and stages and wagons rattled past. Jeremiah and his uncle took turns riding Pilgrim, but Tippet rode all the way, perched on top of the big bundle. The weather was good,



and they rose early and walked late. And so it was not long before they came to Baltimore.

Just outside of the town they added another member to their group—Hallelujah. If you want to know who Hallelujah was, you'll just have to turn to your new book, *The Journey of Josiah Talltatters* by Josephine Balfour Payne. This, seven and eight year olds, is only the start of your story. The sun did not shine all the time. The rain was wet and cold. And then there was that highwayman!

It isn't often that the Junior Guild has a mother-daughter writing team. Turn to pages ten and eleven to read about Josephine Balfour Payne and her artist-daughter, Joan Balfour Payne.

The Journey of Josiah Talltatters by Josephine Balfour Payne is the new Junior Guild selection for 7 and 8 year old Members. It is published in the regular trade edition by Farrar, Straus, and Young, Inc., at \$2.75. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction).

Machinery Always Fascinates Me

by Norman Bate

SEVERAL years ago my wife suggested that I write and illustrate a picture book about road-building machines. At the time she was a librarian in a Children's Room in Ridgewood, New Jersey. She knew of my interest in machines and of my tendency to drive off on bad stretches of road or on detours in search of bulldozers, earthmovers, graders, and other machines at work. She had also discovered that the demand for books about machines from her young library patrons was greater than the books available. The idea appealed to me.

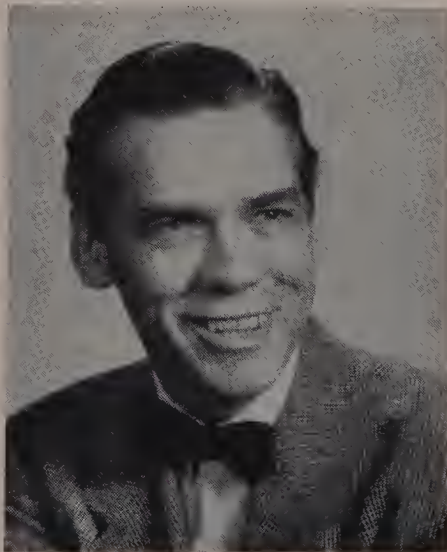
I was born in Buffalo, New York, on January 3, 1916, but I spent most of my early childhood in England. It was there that I

first started to draw. I recall winning my first art prize in school at the age of eight. It was a third prize, but it did not make me happy. I had made two other drawings for the two little girls who sat behind me, and they won the first and second prizes.

It was in England, also, that I first became interested in machines. Much of the heavy trucking was done by huge steam-driven lorries that crawled along the highway at a walking pace. I would trot beside them, often enveloped in a cloud of steam. I always hoped, and it sometimes happened, that the boiler would run dry and I could earn a ride in the cab by carrying water to the lorry from the nearest stream.

Eventually my family returned to Buffalo, and there I discovered an unused quarry with abandoned steam rollers, switch engines, quarry engines, and even an old-fashioned fire engine. The quarry became my playground, and the rusty machinery my sketch subjects, until the place was filled in

Norman Bate, your author-artist



The bulldozer pushes down trees





The roadlayer does his part, making concrete to dump on the highway

for the construction of Bennett High School. It was at this same school that I later began to think of art as a career.

The years following my graduation from high school were filled with positions as a professional artist in or near Buffalo. Then came five years of service during World War II as a United States Army Signal Corps combat photographer. It was my job to photograph combat action and powerful machines—from jeeps to tank-retrievers.

Machinery has not been my only interest. Before the war I had joined the Nature Sketching Club of the Buffalo Museum of Science and had acquired a love for drawing birds, animals, and outdoor scenes. After the war I spent several years in the Finger Lakes region at Ithaca, New York, doing commercial illustrations of farm and industrial machinery and also enjoying my hobbies of trout fishing and nature sketching.



The roller smooths the roadbed

Since then I have attended the Art School of Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. After graduating from the course in illustration, I joined the faculty to become an instructor of Nature Drawing and of Product Structure, which includes drawing such man-made things as machines. My long summer vacations are divided between the mountains of Vermont, where we have a farm, and the plains of Kansas, where my wife was born.



We Have Made Books Too

by Josephine Balfour Payne

These lovely illustrations are from your fine new book, "*The Journey of Josiah Talltatters*," by the mother-daughter story team: Josephine Balfour Payne and her daughter Joan



I WAS born, writes Josephine Balfour Payne, in Natchez, Mississippi, on April 16, 1899. Queen Victoria was still on the throne in England when I came along. So you can see how long ago that was. I lived on a cotton plantation outside of Natchez. For pets I had a horse, some dogs, several cats, and two sheep. I was so fond of making up stories that my grandmother declared that I was going to be a writer. Because she believed this, she gave me her desk. I still have it. Whenever I write a story, I use it and think of her and of what she said about me so long ago.

When I was about ten, I moved to Oklahoma with my father and mother and stayed there until I was married. Then I lived for a while in Florida and on Long Island in New York; for many years in Minnesota; for a year in Kansas; then back to Mississippi.

When my daughter Joan was very small, I realized that she was

going to be an artist. I began to write stories for her to illustrate. We had a lot of fun doing this. Joan was only eighteen when we sold our first book, *The Little Green Island*. Since then, we have done several books together and some magazine stories.

The Journey of Josiah Talltatters came to life because the Natchez Trace runs not far from our gate here at The Cedars in Church Hill, Mississippi. Some parts of the Trace are still the same as they were when Jeremiah and his uncle Josiah walked along it in 1800. But most of it they would not recognize because it is too modern. I like the old part best—the beautiful old trees and the narrow, twisting trail shut in by brown, scarred banks.

I, too, was born in Mississippi, says Joan Balfour Payne, in my mother's home town of Natchez on December 2, 1923. But from the time I was about four, I lived in Minneapolis and had all my

her for Many Years

Joan Balfour Payne



schooling there. I cannot remember a time when I did not draw and paint, and I was always making something—carving in soap, modeling in clay, and so on. And, of course, I adored books. Horses have always been a great passion. I like music and ballet, too.

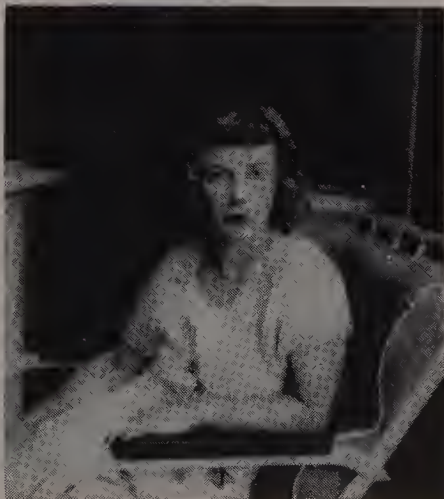
In 1941 we moved to Wichita, Kansas, and it was there that my mother and I wrote and illustrated *The Little Green Island*. From Kansas we returned to live on my father's old family plantation, The

Cedars. My mother and I stayed on there after my father died in 1943, and in the next several years we did a lot of writing together. In 1950 I spent three months in Ireland, England, and Scotland, flying over and back. On my return my mother and I did another book, *The Stable That Stayed*, which was an honor book in the 1952 New York Herald Tribune Spring Book Festival.

A year ago I married a distant cousin, John Barber Dicks, Jr., of Natchez. We came to Nashville, Tennessee, to live while he completes his work for his Ph.D. in Physics at Vanderbilt University.



At the left is Joan Balfour Payne, a new Junior Guild artist; and below is your new author, Mrs. Josephine Balfour Payne



I Was Telling Stories All the Time

by Frances Fullerton Neilson

WHEN did I start writing? Almost as soon as I began to talk. I was always making up stories. Before I could write and spell, I told myself the most elaborate yarns by drawing pictures. From them I could remember my

told stories to children in a hospital ward, where I was working after I married at eighteen.

I started selling my stories in my early twenties, when I had a children's radio program with the National Broadcasting Company and was the narrator as well as the author. From this start I went on to contribute stories to magazines for boys and girls. Then came my first book, *The Donkey from Dorking*, written for my two boys. This became an honor book in the New York Herald Tribune Spring Book Festival. Since then, I have written others, some of them alone and some with my husband, Winthrop Neilson, who is also a writer.

I grew up near Philadelphia, where I was born in 1914, though I spent summers in England with my mother's family. I have lived for as long as six months at a time in France, Switzerland, and South America. My husband and I have written books about Dutch Guiana and British Guiana. We know the West Indies, too, and have spent much time at the southern end of Florida, around the Everglades.

Look to the New Moon is not my biography, but I do feel very close to the pangs and problems of the heroine Stella when she visited her cousin Vicki. I spent a summer at Winter Harbor, Maine, when I was Stella's (Turn to page 19)



Ira L. Hull

Frances Fullerton Neilson, author

stories, though no one else could tell what the drawings were about. Instead of asking for a story before going to bed, I would beg to be allowed to tell one. My two older sisters were not always receptive to my stories, but my Teddy bears were good listeners.

When I was older, I was in charge of a Brownie troop and then I had real listeners. I also



From the First, Otters Have Intrigued Me

by Emil E. Liers

I WAS born on July 2, 1890, at Clayton, Iowa, a little village nestling among the hills along the Mississippi River, ten miles downstream from where the Wisconsin River merges with the Father of Waters. I always loved to play along the shore and fell in the river several times. But, like a cat, I scrambled out of the water faster than I fell into it.

My parents loved the outdoors and took me with them for walks along the river. They taught me to observe the habits of birds and animals and flowers. One day we saw some animals playing in the water and on land. They were having a great time as they slid down the bank into the water. My first otters! They were probably a family that had migrated down the Wisconsin River from northern Wisconsin. Their antics intrigued me. Every day while fishing for sunfish or bass, I would watch for my otters.

Since much of my boyhood was spent on farms, my interest in nature increased as I grew up. With my dogs and Uncle George, I spent all the time I could in the woods or along the river.

When I was twelve, we moved to Dubuque, Iowa, where my father followed his trade as a

barber. I attended school there—grade and high school. Though I used to go out early in the morning to fish and hunt, I was seldom late for my classes. I played football although I hated missing time from my beloved outdoors. Whenever I could, I would go off to spend a week end or several days at a fisherman's camp, helping him trap and fish.

In 1912 I married a girl who had also lived all her life on the river. For three years we made our home on an island above La Crosse, Wisconsin. I fished and trapped and dug mussel shells for pearls and buttons. (*Turn to page 18*)

Your new author, Emil E. Liers



He Earns and Deserves His Popularity

by Louise Bonino

Editor of Books for Boys and Girls
Random House

AS I write this, Walter Farley, his wife Rosemary, and their two young daughters are traveling north from their winter home in Florida. En route Walter will stop at Mechanicsville, Maryland, to meet Carole Emmons, one of the two major prize winners of his recent contest, and make arrangements for her to spend the summer at a riding camp. Continuing north, he will stop briefly at his farm in Pennsylvania and then go to Rochester, New York, to meet the other prize winner, David Andrews, and make similar arrangements. Yes, Walter Farley leads a very busy life.

Recently he visited the Tampa, Florida, schools and autographed copies of *The Black Stallion* series at a local bookstore. Soon after, the store manager wrote me: "Walter Farley is undoubtedly

Walter Farley is as much at home at the reins as at the typewriter



the most sincere and conscientious author I have ever met. He deserves to have best sellers. The Tampa boys and girls had the time of their lives. It is an experience they will never forget." And that is the reaction everybody—young or old—has upon meeting Walter Farley.

Walter always has the plot of a new story well thought out before he sits down at his typewriter. I remember vividly even now the outline of *The Black Stallion Revolts* as he told it to me back in 1951. We were riding in his jeep to the railroad station at Allentown, Pennsylvania, after a most enjoyable week end spent in the Farley home. As we jounced along the back country roads, he told of the adventures Alec and the Black would have in the West. My spine tingled as I listened. Then and there I knew that this story would be one of the best—if not the best—of the series.



They Know Their Junior Guild Books

THE boys and girls of the Free Public Library of Leonia, New Jersey, read and enjoy the Junior Literary Guild books in their fine Children's Room. That book at the left-hand end of the top shelf is Junior Guild's own selection, *If I Ran the Zoo* by Dr. Seuss.

Girls and boys in other schools and libraries also read and enjoy Junior Guild books, their letters tell us. We have received three such letters from the SS. Peter and Paul School in Dyersville, Iowa. Nancy Witte, age 13, writes that her teacher, Sister Judith, gave her a copy of *YOUNG WINGS* to read after Nancy told her how much she liked *The Lees of Arlington*, by Marguerite Vance. This book was also praised by Patricia Bruggemann. She sent thanks to *YOUNG WINGS* for recommending the book. Mary Beth Dingbaum picked as her favorite *Far West Summer*, by Emma Atkins Jacobs. "If all the Junior Literary Guild books are as good as the four I have read," Mary Beth writes, "I'll be on the lookout for more of them."

Junior Literary Guild books are also popular in Wisconsin, judging from the letters received from Green Bay and La Crosse.

Four of the boys and girls in Franklin Junior High School in Green Bay sent their pictures with their letters. If you will turn to page eighteen, you will see those four: Kenard Kouba, Judy

Gale, Camille Euclide, and Billy Nelson. Kenard likes mysteries and adventure stories, he says. His favorite story is *Young Nathan*, by Marion Marsh Brown. Judy likes especially Marguerite Vance's biographies: *Marie Antoinette*, *The Lees of Arlington*, and



In the Children's Room of the Free Public Library in Leonia, New Jersey

Martha of Virginia. Camille had just finished *Secret Sea*, by Robb White, and says the story was exciting to the last page. Billy has not been reading a lot, he tells us. But he has become interested in the Junior Guild books and thinks *Treason at the Point*, by J. C. Nolan, is interesting and exciting.

Six more Franklin Junior High School pupils have sent in letters. "Through the years," writes Ronnie Jensen, "I have read many exciting books, but they do not compare with Junior Guild books. My favorite is (Turn to page 18)

JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD

Our Book Club Members are the authors of these pages. You, too, may write for them if you receive Junior Guild books at home, or if you read them in school or at the public library. The best letters received are published here and those who write them become Honor Members.

WHAT I THINK OF MY JUNIOR GUILD BOOKS

I Have Read and Enjoyed Many Junior Guild Books

DEAR JUNIOR GUILD:

I have read many Junior Guild books and enjoyed all of them. Among those I liked best were: *Swamp Boy*, by M. B. Cormack and P. L. Bytovetzski; *Big Mutt*, by John Reese; *The Lonesome Sorrel*, by Keith Robertson; and *Rocket Jockey*, by Philip St. John.

Swamp Boy tells how Clint, a poor boy who lives in the Georgia swamp region, has to work hard to get his education although he is a brilliant boy. Tom, a giant Seminole Indian, helps Clint get his education.

Yours sincerely,

LARRY FRASER, AGE 13
SHERIDAN, WYOMING

Everyone in Our Room Likes Junior Literary Guild Books

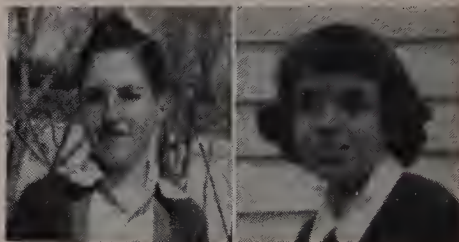
DEAR MISS FERRIS:

I would like to tell you how much I like the Junior Literary Guild books. They are so interesting that I can hardly wait to read the next one. My teacher, Miss Gregory, has ordered them for our room. We have received six books already. I have read and enjoyed each one. I hope I'll always have the privilege of reading Junior Guild books. Everyone in our room likes them.

Lucky Year, by Dorothy Aldis, is my favorite. I like it because it seems true. *Lucky Year* is the story of what happened in a small town in southern Indiana a hundred years ago.

Sincerely yours,

LOU ADAMS, AGE 11
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY



Larry Fraser, Sheridan, Wyoming, and
Lou Adams, Hopkinsville, Kentucky

I Hope the Junior Guild Will Have Some More Horse Stories

DEAR MISS FERRIS:

I love all of my Junior Guild books. When Mother found out how good your books are, she got them for me. I like *Schoolhouse in the Woods* and *Up and Down the River*, by Rebecca Caudill; *Mr. Apple's Family*, by Jean McDevitt; *Turnipseed Jones*, by Edward W. Mammen; and *Flip and the Morning*, by Wesley Dennis. I like *Flip and the Morning* best. I have been getting Junior Guild books for two years. I have a collection of anything about horses because I like them so much. I hope you will send me some more horse stories. I already have *The Black Stallion*, by Walter Farley.

Your friend,

JUDY JOFFEE, AGE 9
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Junior Guild Books Taught Me That Reading Isn't Boring

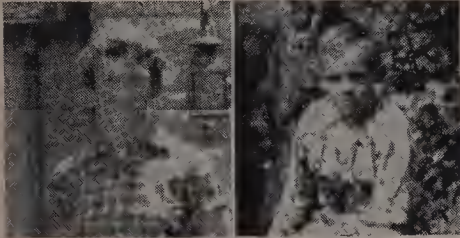
DEAR JUNIOR GUILD:

Two years ago my mother thought it would be nice for my sister and me to join the Junior Literary Guild. At first, like many girls, I thought it would be

HONOR DEPARTMENT

In your letter, tell about your favorite Junior Guild books and why you like them. Put your name, age, and address on your letter and send in a snapshot of yourself. An inscribed book for your own library is awarded to the writer of every letter published in our Honor Department.

WRITTEN BY MEMBERS OF OUR BOOK CLUB



Carol Bogart, Columbus Grove, Ohio,
and Philip Anderson, Lawrence, Kansas

boring to sit down and read a book. But now I know different. The books I enjoyed most were: *Only Child*, by Marguerite Dickson; *Summer in Their Eyes*, by Ethel Todd Anderson; and *The Port of Missing Men*, by René Prud'hommeaux. Now I look forward to receiving my Junior Literary Guild books.

I also look forward to reading the very interesting letters in YOUNG WINGS. I like to read about the authors, too.

Sincerely yours,

CAROL BOGART, AGE 14
COLUMBUS GROVE, OHIO

You Have Some of the Best Books for Boys and Girls

DEAR JUNIOR GUILD:

I have read *Dig for a Treasure*, by Dean Marshall, one of your Junior Guild books. I think that you have some of the best books for boys and girls. The pictures are very good, too. My classmates and I at school write stories, but they aren't so good, and they aren't so long, and we don't draw pictures to go with our stories.

Yours truly,

PHILIP ANDERSON, AGE 10
LAWRENCE, KANSAS

Every One of Your Books Exactly Suits My Tastes

DEAR EDITOR:

I have been receiving Junior Guild books for almost a year. Each one has been wonderful. Each is different, and yet every one exactly suits my tastes.

I particularly liked *Julia Valeria*, by Elizabeth Gale, because of its exciting plot. It is a perfect combination of mystery and romance, and it made me feel that I had a part in Julia's daring adventures. I also realized just how interesting ancient Rome could be. I'm sure it will help me in my schoolwork.

I think you make a wonderful choice of books for us.

Yours truly,

BRENDA WOLF, AGE 12
WASHINGTON, D. C.

My Brother and I Have Been Members for Over Four Years

DEAR MISS FERRIS:

My mother subscribed to the Junior Guild for me and my brother over four years ago, when I was five and Randel seven. We draw straws when the postman brings each of our books, to see who will get to read it first. Soon Randel will belong to the group for older boys. Then we'll each get a Junior Guild book every month.

All of the books are very interesting and exciting. One that I liked best was *Lone Star Tomboy*, by Allyn Allen. It tells of Francie Lou's adventures when her family decides she should learn to be a lady instead of a tomboy.

Yours sincerely,

MARY MARGARET ABSHIRE, AGE 9
BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA

From the First, Otters Have Always Intrigued Me

(Continued from page 13)

Then we bought a houseboat and traveled up and down the Mississippi River, camping on the islands and the mainland. In 1914 our little daughter Patricia was born. A few years later, I attended the Wisconsin Teacher's College in La Crosse. I moved our houseboat to a nearby island and earned my way through college by trapping and fishing.

For the past thirty years we have been living on the banks of the Mississippi below Winona, Minnesota. For a time I

had a mink farm. Then twenty-five years ago I caught my first baby or cub otter. I became so intrigued with him that I discontinued the minks and made a business of the otters. My pets have been filmed for the movies and written up in national and international magazines. I have shown the otters at schools and clubs. For two summers I showed them at the Bronx Zoo. The interest everyone showed in my pets led me to write this story which is now your book.

They Know Their Junior Guild Books—and Write about Them

(Continued from page 15)

The Twenty-One Balloons, by William Pène du Bois." Billy Frankow lists *Rocket Ship Galileo*, by Robert A. Heinlein, as his favorite and *Mystery Schooner*, by Terence Roberts, as the next best. David Murray's report on *Hank Winton*, *Smokechaser*, by Montgomery M. Atwater, says it is a very good book. He enjoys reading *YOUNG WINGS*, too. Richard Huisman says: "I would like you to know how much I like your books. I especially like *The Wahoo Bobcat*, by Joseph Wharton Lipincott." Reading is one of Ronnie Miller's hobbies, and he enjoyed *Backboard Magic*, by Howard M. Brier, so much that he plans to read more Junior Guild books. Barbara King takes out Junior Guild books as often as she can, and she

has just finished a second reading of *Roommates*, by Laura Cooper Rendina.

From Jefferson School in La Crosse splendid letters have come from six pupils, each eleven years old. One of Janice Laylan's favorites is *The Trolley Car Family*, by Eleanor Clymer. Barbara McCoy votes for *Daughter of the Mountains*, by Louise Rankin, while Jean Dikeman picks *Mr. Apple's Family*, by Jean McDevitt, and *A Yard for John*, by Eleanor Clymer. The one Sharon Nichols likes is *Bambino, the Clown*, by Georges Schreiber. *Foxie*, by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire, is a good book of a dog and his master, Russell Emerson writes. Kenneth Nelson wants other boys and girls to enjoy *Lance and Cowboy Billy*, by Jack Holt and Carolyn Coggins.

Here are four of the letter writers at Franklin Junior High School in Green Bay, Wisconsin: at the left, Kenard Kouba, age 12; at the right, Billy Nelson, age 13; below, at the left, Judy Gale, age 12, and at the right, Camille Euclide, age 13





Behind the Scenes with Jay Gee, the Office Elf

Do you suppose I can get away with this? I told Helen Ferris I was going to school. Then when she wasn't looking, I grabbed your new books and dashed off. I had to do it. She has been keeping her eyes on me so closely I could not sneak a single look. So here I am. Let's get busy before she catches on.

Out West with you, you nine, ten, and eleven year olds. Hi-Yi-i-i-i! Watch out for those wild Apaches. You're in for shooting times with a heap big Indian Chief. He's real, too. You'll read about him in your histories when you're older. Those aren't Apaches out in Jupiter's back yard—your back yard, five and six year olds. But they're just as wild and make just as much noise as the Apaches. They're driving Jupiter crazy. How those eyes shine in the dark! Two big eyes will be shining for you, too, seven and eight year olds. Watch out for spooks. It's Halloween, you know. A great day for that biggest of big pumpkins. And what happens after Halloween? Some hard days are coming along. Will he make good? Sure he will. How? I'm not telling.

To the gym and the basketball court, older guys. Wait till you meet those two brothers. Crack shots they are, especially one of them. But he makes trouble for the coach, the team, and his own brother until—well, you'll see when. To England, older gals, to share exciting days with the world's most famous sweethearts—Ba and Robert. Then on to Italy when they elope. It's all real.

I Was Telling Stories All the Time—to Everyone

(Continued from page 12)

age. And I understand that terrible but wonderful feeling of falling in love. My husband and my boys all had a part in the writing of *Look to the New Moon*. I could never have written the chapters on sailing and tennis without my sons' help. But most of the story wrote itself. Usually there are so many boys and girls in the house that I feel like the Old Woman in the Shoe, for I have four teenage nieces. The only member of the household too young to contribute to this story was my little girl, aged three.

Swimming is my favorite sport—horse-back riding and sailing next. I love music and painting and dancing, too.

Now our home is on Long Island. We live close to the water, ten miles from the nearest railroad. We have six dogs—five whippets and a tremendous greyhound—and a cat and chickens and sometimes ducks and doves. Oh, I almost forgot. One of our oldest pets is "Uncle Erin," a South American tortoise that weighs ten pounds. I have been told that he will live to be over a hundred.

With the Junior Literary Guild Everywhere

We are most grateful for the fine pictures on pages fifteen and eighteen and for the splendid letters from boys and girls from which we have quoted on those pages. Our sincere thanks go to the following: Mrs. G. C. Wagner, Director, and Mrs. Alice Freas, Children's Librarian, of the Free Public Library in Leonia, New Jersey; Sister Mary Frances, Principal of the SS. Peter and Paul School in Dyersville, Iowa, and Sister Judith, the girls' teacher; Mrs. Alice S. Harker, teacher of English at Franklin Junior High School in Green Bay, Wisconsin; and Mrs. R. Christiano of Jefferson School in La Crosse, Wisconsin. Send more letters, all of you.

What kinds of stories are the most popular among high school readers? Each year the Community High School of Downers Grove, Illinois, where Junior Guild books are very popular, makes a survey of how each book is received. The most popular among their readers—Miss Celia Natzke, Librarian, reports—are stories about sports, careers, horses, dogs, "space" adventures, and love.

Junior Guild Members need no introduction to Walter Farley, author of *The Black Stallion Revolts*. This is his eighth Junior Literary Guild book. The others are: *The Black*



From "*The Journey of Josiah Talltatters*"

Stallion, The Black Stallion Returns, Son of the Black Stallion, The Black Stallion and Satan, The Blood Bay Colt, The Island Stallion, and The Black Stallion's Filly. We know how eagerly our Members are waiting for this latest story of Alec and his famous horse.

We are happy to have on our cover this month one of the fine sketches made by Harold Eldridge for *The Black Stallion Revolts*, by Walter Farley. Mr. Eldridge was the artist also for another of Mr. Farley's books: *The Black Stallion Returns*.

This month we are also welcoming back Tony Palazzo, who has illustrated your story, *An Otter's Story* by Emil E. Liers. Tony Palazzo was the artist for *The Story of Serapina*, by Anne H. White, as well as for two of his own delightful stories, *Susie the Cat* and *Federico the Flying Squirrel*.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD

The Book Club for Young Readers

Garden City, New York

Toronto, Canada

The Junior Literary Guild is the Book Club for all young readers between the ages of five and sixteen. With the yearly membership each Member receives one new book every month for a year—twelve books in all—and a copy of YOUNG WINGS with every book. Your friends will be glad to know about our Book Club. Full information may be obtained from The Junior Literary Guild, Garden City, New York.

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